



DIVINE RAPTURES

OR,

PIETY IN POESIE;

Digested

Into a Queint Diversity of sacred

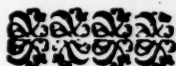
FANCIES.

Composed by *Tho. Jordan*, Gent.

Demost :

Plus olei quam vini mihi consumptum est.

*Thos
the
Hon. Secy*



LONDON,

Printed by Authoritie, for the use of the
Author. 1646.



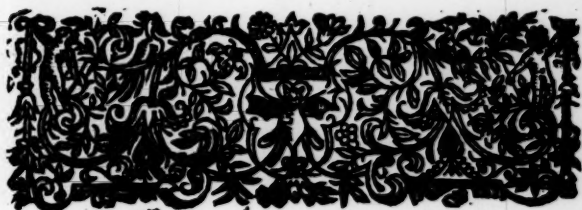


The Preface.

Y O' wanton Lads, that spend your winged time,
And chant your eares, in reading lustfull rime,
Who like transform'd Acteon range about,
And beate the woods to finde Diana out,
I'f this you'ld have? then hence: here's no content
For you, my Muse ne're knew what Venus meant;
But stay: I may subvert your rude conceit;
And every verse may proove a heavenly baite:
O that ye were such captives! then you'd be
Thrice happy: such as these are onely free,
Leave, leave your wanton toyes; and let alone
Apollo sporting at his Helicon,
Let Vulcan deale with Venus, whats to thee
Although shee dandle Cupids on her knee?
Be not enchanted with her wanton charmes,
Let her not hugge thee in her whorish armes,
But wisely doe (as Neptune did) in spite
Of all, spue out the Lady Aphrodite,
Come, come fond lad, what? would'st thouaine espye,
A glorious object for thy wandring eye?
And glut thy sight with beauty? would'st behold
A visage that will make thy Venus cold?
If this be all, Ile give thy eye delight:
Come see that face that lendes the Sunne his light,

Come see that face that makes the heavens to shine,
Come see that glorious face, that lends thee shine,
Come and behold that face which if thou see,
Arise, I will make the earth a heaven to thee,
Come see that glistering face from which arise
Such glorious beames that dazels Angels eyes,
What canst have more; but dost thou thinke that such
A comely visage will not let thee touch?
Or dost thou thinke a Sunne that shines so cleare,
Will scorne to let a lesser Orbe come neere?
No thou mistak'st: say, dost thou truly thirst,
For him? I dare avouch hee lov'd thee first,
Be not dismayd, It needes no more dispute,
Come give this glorious face a kinde salute.

THE



THE WORLDES METAMORPHOSIS.

BEfore all time; when every thing did lye,
 Wrapt in a *Chaos* of deformity, (sent *The Chaos.*
 When all things nothing were, and could pre-
 No comely frame, no heaven, no element,
 No earth, no water, fire or ayre alone
 But all as twere compounded all in one,
 Then with a word our *Tri-une Love* did bring,
 This nothing *Chaos* into every thing;
 Yea then our great *Iehovah* did present
 A severall region to each element,
 Then Time, his houres began to measure out,
 And he most nimbly garison'd about,
 This new created Orbe : he tooke his flight
 And hurried restlesse on both day and night,
 His motion was so quickē, that scarce twas ey'd,
 He for ten thousand worlds won't squint aside,
 Nor once turne backe his head; by chance I viewd
 His flight, his wings I thought wēre then renewd,

Yea his unwearied feathers did so soare
 Swiftly, as if they never flew before,
 As when the *Thracians* from their snaky bow
 Did make there featherd darts so swiftly goe,
 That they our ranne all fight, so time did flie,
 As if he strove with winged *Mercurie*;
 No weapon all this while for his defence
 He bore, he dealt with none but innocence,
 And now those foggy mists that so did lye,
 Cloyster'd together from eternity
 Were all disperd; yea now twas very bright
 And darkenesse was unfetter'd from the light;
 When this was done, our great *Iehovah* lent
 The world (as yet scarce made) a firmament,
 He separated waters wondrous well,
 Then Seas with surging billowes ganne to swell,
 And tossed to and fro with every wave,
 As if the fretfull region would out brave
 Her owne Creator; they were not content
 With their but now appointed regiment,
 Their watty mountaines did so oft aspire
 To Heaven, as if they would be placed higher,
 But now great *Iove* lookt on they did not dare
 Surpasse their stations, nay, nor once impaire
 Their bounds, he quickly queld their lusty pranks,
 And cauld the waves to crouch within their bankes,
 When he had conquerd this unruly stran,
 Within two dayes he crownes *Leviathan*,
 King of the liquid region, and doth give
 Ten thousand thousand more with him to live,
 Then fruitfull earth which is the Ocean barres
 Appares, and heavens bespangled all with starres,
 The Sunne begins his beauty to present,
 And proudly danceth up the Orient,

He

He nor his horses can no longer sleepe,
But gallop from the orientall deepe,
He rid so fast that in few houres was spide
All bravely wrapt in his meridian pride,
But when he clamber'd to the highest brinke,
He view'd the fabricke, then began to sinke,
And all the way as hee did homewards goe,
He laughed, to see so brave a frame below,
Still whipping on his lades, untill his head
Was safely laid into his Westerne bed.
Silver *Lucina* as yet did not enter,
But lay immured within the reeking center,
Whilst he had mounted on his flaming seate,
And viewd a glorious orbe, wondrous, compleate,
With that the purple Lady straight prepares,
Attended with ten thousand thousand starres,
Shee clambers up in this her rich aray,
And viewes the goodly building all the way,
Sweete smiles shee cast from her admiring eye,
Whilst all her little babes stood twinkling by,
Playing the wantons by their mothers side,
As if they were inamour'd with the pride
Of such a Fabricke: to expresse their mirth,
Some shot from heaven, as though they'd liv'd on Earth,
This done, sweete *Phæbe* soone beganne to drop
Her borrowed beames into her brothers lap,
And ever since to see this glorious sight
One laughs at day; the other smiles at night.
And can you blame them? earth is spread with bowres,
And trees, and proudly deckt with sundry flowers,
Shee that ere while in dunghill *Chaos* lay,
Is now with Vilets purp'ld every day,

And

And damaskt all with Roses, yea shees clad
 With sweeter herbes then ever *Ceres* had,
 Her fruitfull wombe brings forth most dainty cates,
 And lovely fruites, these are her comely brattes,
 No rusticke Plowman now doth take the paines
 To peirce her entrailes, or to squeeze her veines,
 But heaven and shee unites, they scorne to see
 A bastard weede, disgrace their pedigree,
 Shee's overspread with pinkes and Daffadillies,
 Carnations, Roses, and the whitest Lilies,
 Those fondlings lolling in her armes doe lye,
 Shaking their heads, and in her bosome dye;
 These in their mothers sides doe take their rest,
 Till they doe drop their leaves into her brest,
 And now the little birds doe every day,
 Sir singing in the boughs, and chirpe, and play,
 The Pheasant and the Partridge slowly flye,
 Vndaunted even before the Faulcons eye,
 Now comes *Bébémoth* with his Lordly gate,
 Gazing, as if he stood admiring at
 So rich a frame, first having fixt his sight
 On glorious earth, he alwayes tooke delight
 In viewing that; and would not looke on high,
 Nay all the glorious spangles of the skye
 Could not entice him, ever from his birth
 He spent his time in looking on the earth.
 All other beasts their greedy eyes did fling
 On lovely earth, as did their crowned King:
 Yea now the Lion with the Lambe did goe,
 And knew not whether blood were sweete or no,
 The little Kids to shew their wanton pride,
 Came dancing by the loving Tigers side,

The

The Hare being minded with the Hounds to play,
 Would give a sporting touch, and so away,
 And then returne, being willing to be found,
 And take his turne to chace the wanton Hound.
 The busie Mice sat sporting all the day,
 Meane while the Cat did smile to see them play.
 The Foxe stands still, to see the Geese asleepe,
 The harmelesse Wolfe now grazeth with the Sheepe,
 Here was no raping, but all beasts did lye
 As link'd in one, O Heavenly Sympathy!
 The goodly Pastures springing from the Clay,
 Did wooe their mouthes to banquet, all the way
 Was spread with dainty herbes, and as they found
 Occasion, they would oft salute the ground,
 Those uncontrouled creatures then begunne
 To sport, and all lay basking in the Sunne,
 No creature was their Lord, gaine said by none,
 As if that Heaven and earth were all their owne.
 Thus when this mighty builder did inrobe
 Himselfe with night, and *Chaos* to a globe
 Convert, of this he tooke a serious view,
 And did as twere create it all anew,
 He made a little Orbe, cald man; the same,
 Onely compacted in a lesser frame,
 For what is all this all, that man in one
 Doth not enjoy. A man thats onely blowne
 With heavens breath, a man that doth present
 Life, Spirit, sense, and every element:
 Yea in this little world great *Love* did place
 His glorious Image, and this miry face
 Was heavens picture, twas this face alone
 That still lookt up to his Creators throne,

Then God did make (a place to be admir'd,
 Surely twas heaven it selfe had then conspir'd,
 To finde it out, y^e garden sweetly blowne,
 With pleasant fruite, and man's exempt from none,
 Of all these plants, except a middle tree,
 And what can one among a thousand bee !
 O glorious place, that God doth now provide
 For durty clay ! the earth in all her pride,
 He tramples on : and heav'n that's so beset
 With spangles and each glistring Chrysolet
 Doth give attendance, yea it serves to be
 A covering for his head, his Canopie.
 Thus man of heaven and earth is all possesse,
 This span of durt, is Lord of all the rest,
 Me think's I see how all the Creatures bring
 Their severall Congies to their new made King,
Behemoth which ere while did range about
 Vncheckt, and tossing up his bony snowt,
 Feard none : now having cast his rowling eyes
 Vpon his Lord, see how he crouching lyes,
 Behind a sheltring bush, he seemes to be,
 Imploring aide of every spreading tree,
 The Lyon which ere while was in his pride,
 Squinting by chance his gogle-eyes aside,
 Espies his King, he dares not stay for haste,
 Spues out his meate halfe chaw'd, and will not taste
 Of his intended food ; but sneakes away,
 Counting his life to be his chiefeest prey,
 It was but now the raven was espide,
 Sporting her wings upon the Tigars hide,
 But now, O how her feather'd sayles doe soare,
 As if shee vowd to touch the earth no more !

See

See how the Goates doe clamber to the top
Of highest mountaines, and the Conies drop
Into their holes, see how the Roe bucke flings
himselfe, almost exchanging legs for wings.
Why? what's the matter, that ye haste away,
Ye that ere while, were sporting all the day?
Tell me yee Creatures, say, what fearefull sight
Hath put you to this unexpected flight?
Speake, speake thou giddy lambe, wer't not thou spide
At play but now? why then dost skip aside?
What? is it man that frights you? can his face
Stretch out your legs unto their swiftest pace?
Can one looke daunt you all? what neede this bee?
Are ye not made of Clay, as well as hee?
Have ye not one Creator? are ye not
His elder Brothers, and the first begot?
Why start ye then? is it not strange to see
One weake-one make ten thousand strong ones flee?
But ah I neede not aske, I know it now,
You spied your makers image in his brow.
T'was even so indeed, no time to stay,
Your Lord was comming, fit, he should have way.
And thus these Creatures dares not come in fight;
Surely t'was heavens *Idea*, causd the fright.
Now see how flattering earth doth strive alone
To please this Lord; each tree presents a done,
See how the fruite hangs with a comely grace,
And wooes his hands to rent them from their place,
O how they bow, and would not have him bring
His hands to them, they bend unto their King,
But if by chance he will not plucke and taste,
They breake the boughes, and so for griefe they waste.

See how the little pinkes when they espie
 Their Lord, doe Curtsy as he passeth by,
 The wanton Dazies shake their leavy heads,
 The purple Vilets startle from their beds,
 The Primrose sweete and every flowre that growes,
 Bestrowes his way with odours as he goes;
 Thus did the herbes, the trees, the pleasant flowres
 Welcome their Lord into his *Eden* bowres.
 But all this while, the earth with all her pride,
 Shée nor her store could not aford a bride
 Fitting for man, no, no, to end the strife
 The man himselfe must yeeld himselfe a wife,
 It was not meete for him to be alone.
 Then did our one-in-three our three-in-one
 Cast him into a sleēpe, and did divide
 His ribbes, and brought a woman from his side.
 When this was done, the devill did entice
 The wife from Gods, unto his Paradise,
 See how the lying serpent maketh choise
 Of the forbidden tree: a tacite voice
 It hath indeede most lovely to the eye,
 Presents it to her, and shée by and by
 Forsooth must taste: and so must *Adam* too.
 What cannot women by entreaties doe!
 God he intends a wife for mans reliefe,
 But oftentimes shée prooves the greatest gricfe.
 Was there but one forbid? and must shée bee
 So base a wretch to taste of such a tree?
 Must *Adam* too? Ah see how shée pluckes downe
 Her husbands glory, and kickes off his crowne!
 O see how angry God himselfe comes downe,
 To curse these wretches! heaven begins to frowne,

Alas


Alas poore naked soules, me thinkes I see
Transformed *Adam* crouch behind a tree,
T'is time to runne when once God doth reject him,
Tis not his leavy armour can protect him,
Heaven and hell with all the spight they can
Strive for revenge against this monster man.
O how the Creatures frowne, and bend their brow,
As if they all conspir'd and tooke a vow
Against this caytive, hearke how earth complains
That shee by man is barrd of mod'rate raines,
Shees now become a strumpet, fruitfull seedes,
And dainty flowers, are turn'd to bastard weedes,
Disrob'd of all her glory, lost her pride,
The creatures now lie starving by her side,
O how shee sighes, and sends up hideous cries,
To see poore cattell fall before her eyes,
For want of foode: they rip their mothers wombe
For meate, but finding none, doe mak'their tombe,
Harke how the buls and angry Lyons roare
To heaven, and tell how man decreast their store,
Heare how the little Lambes which yesterday
Did honour to their King, and gave him way,
O how they begge for vengeance to come downe
On man, and dispossesse him of his Crowne,
See, see what raping and what cruell thrall
Is us'd: tis man alone that murders all,
The Lion mild ere while for want of foode,
Doth fill his paunch with unaccustom'd blood,
The wolfe which lately was more apt to keepe
The tender lambes, now prosecutes the sheepe,
Surely the ravenous beasts (did not they spye
The glimpse of heaven within mans purblind eye,)
Would

Would straight deuoure him, did not mercy now
Come downe and smoothe her fathers wrinkled brow:
The earth would scorne to beare him, but diuide
Her selfe, and make this *Dathan* sincke in pride;
The earth would not indure the plough to passe
Into her iron sides, the heavens as brasse
Would soone become, and both doe what they can
To starue up this deformed monster man.
See how this Caytife caueth discontent,
And raiseth discord in each element,
How often haue I seene the raging fire
Vnto the top of highest Towres aspire,
And clamber mighty buildings: tis unbound,
Surely t' would burne the fabricke to the ground,
Did not our God looke from his mercy seat,
And make the watry sister quell the heate.
How is the ayre poysoned with misty fogges,
And churlish vapours; onely such that clogs
The Corps with deadly humours, such that brings
The Pestilence, yea such that quickly flings
Loathsome diseases alwayes tipt with death,
Did not *Ioue* fanne it with his mighty breath.
Harke how the impatient seas beginne to thunder,
As if they'd rent their prison walls in sunder;
See how the mounting waves doe swiftly flye
To heauen, as if they meant to tell the skye
How basely man hath dealt: Oh how they roare,
Beating their foming waves against the shore,
Chiding their sister earth that dares to beare
So base a wretch; see how the waves doe teare
Her bowels, and with all the spight they can
Strive for to drowne this wretched Caytife man.

CHRISTS



CHRISTS BIRTH AND PASSION.


 Thou most Sacred Dove that I may write
 Thy praises, drop thou from thy soaring flight
 A quill: come aide my muse, for shee intends
 To sing such love no mortall comprehends,
 Guide thou her stamring tongue, and let her be
 Strongly protected in her infancy,
 Then shee'll tell how the King of Kings by birth
 Forsooke his throne, to live on dunghill earth,
 Then shee'll declare how great creating love,
 Whose starre-bepaved pallace is above
 All whose attendance is a glorious troope,
 Of glitt'ring cherubs, unto whom doe stoope
 Each glorious Angell, flinging himselfe downe,
 Presenting at his feete his pearely crowne,
 To be his pallace heaven it selfe's not meete,
 And dunghill earth's too little for his feete;
 Yet this great King-creating King did slide
 To earth, and laid his Diadem aside,
 Exchanging it for thornes, and did untire
 His glorious selfe, and clad himselfe in mire;

C

At

At whose appearance singing Angels shot
 Like ~~the~~ Harres from heaven (newes nere to be forgot)
 Yea winged Cherubs from the highest came
 As Heavens Heralds to divulge his fame.
 All heaven did obeyance but for earth
 (Vngratefull soile unworthy of the birth
 Of such a babe) twas readier to intombe
 The dying Lord, then to afford a roome,
 Proud *Salem* was too high to entertaine
 Poore *Maries* babe, twas kept for *Herods* traine,
 And *Rome* that seavenhild Citty was too greate
 To lodge this Child, tis *Casars* royall seate,
 T'is *Bethlem*, little *Bethlem* must suffice
 To lighten *Iosephs* Consorts weary thighes,
 And thars almost too proud to lodge him in,
 No private house, but even a vulgar Inne,
 And thar's not harbourd in the choicest roomes,
 No, not so well as with the common groomes,
 But this (at most unworthy) worthy guests
 Is thrust (and gladly too) among the beasts,
 He that before was wont to take his rest,
 All coverd in his fathers silken breast,
 Is now constrained to lay his worthy head,
 Vpon an undeserved strawy bed,
 He that was wont to heare the pleasant tones
 Of sweete-voyc'd Angels, now the saddest grones
 Of dolefull *Mary*, mixt with brinish teares,
 These onely these are harbour'd in his eares,
 The Babe is scarcely borne, but sought to dye,
 As yet not learn'd to goe, but forc'd to flye,
 And to avoid the Tetrarchs furious Curse,
 Hard hearted *Egypt's* now become a Nurse,

Hee

He that can make both Heaven and earth to dread,
 Doe patiently takes all, and hides his head,
 Yet hee'le returne, no, not the bitter wrongs,
 Nor spightfull usage, nor the smarting thongs,
 Nor sharpest scourges, no nor blackest hell,
 Can quench the boundlesse love, nor yet expell
 His strong affections, let the traitors set
 A thorny crowne on's head, and also wet
 His glorious face with spittle, and deride,
 And scourge till blood falls trickling downe his side,
 Nay though he be constrain'd to leave his breath,
 And's dying soule is heavy unto death,
 He can't but smile upon his bitter foe,
 And love the traitors whe're they will or no,
 Yet see how fordid man repayerh all
 His kindnesse, with an undeserv'd thrall,
 Whilst he (sad soule) lay prostrate all alone,
 Fast fixing both his eyes at heavens throne,
 And sending up such sighes, as though he'd make
 The weakned vaults of heaven and earth to shake,
 His sweate dropt downe like dew, and as he stood
 He staine'd Mount Olives with his Crimson blood,
 Whilst all his sad Disciples drowsy lye,
 Scarce able to hold up a sluggish eye,
 Now he's betraid by Judas, he that bore
 The bagge, and was intrusted with the store,
 He that did scorne the traitors name, and cry,
 Who shall betray thee Lord? Lord speake? is't I?
 Yet now an abject Christ becomes, to be,
 And thirty pence is valu'd more then he,
 The bloody steward with a treacherous kisse
 Forsooke his Master and eternall blisse,

C 2

And

And should the body of a Lord so good
 To souldiers, such as thirsted after blood,
 And then for feare the Innocent should passe
 Vntoucht, was straight accused by *Caiaphas*,
 Condemn'd by *Pontius Pilate*, to expell
 The guilt; he washt his hands, and all was well,
 O see what force weake water had to quench
 His sparkling Conscience, and his flaming sence!
 Alas not *Nilus*, no nor *Iordans* flood
 Can cleanse the staines of such a Crimson blood;
 No tis the streames of a repenting eye
 Tis onely this takes out a scarlet dye,
 Thus our *Astrea* stands arraign'd to dye
 And nothing's to be heard but *Crueltye*:
 When this alarum sounded to the hight
 And heav'n and hell conspired both to fight
 Against this Captaine, then his daunted troope
 Forsooke their Lord, each soule began to droope;
 Yet gracious he imparted his renowne
 He wonne the battell and gave them the Crowne,
 Yea he became a curse that knew no sinne
 He was inrob'd and disinrob'd ag'in,
 His temples crown'd with thornes, his glorious face
 Was spit upon and beate with all disgrace
 That abject slaves could use, and then they cry,
 To blinded *Christ* who beate thee? prophecy.
 Ah stupid soules as if that piercing sight
 That views all secrets in the darkest night,
 That tries the thoughts of every heart, and stares
 Into each soule is now as blind as theirs;
 Thus was he basely us'd, but all's not done
 The hell-invented fury is to come,

By

By vulgar slaves the very Sonne of God
 Is falsely scourg'd and forc'd to kisse the rod,
 Yea he whose nostrils able are to cast
 Out flame, and burne the world at every blast,
 Whose mighty breath is able for to fanne
 Ten thousand worlds, and puffe out every man
 Like chaffe, and make the flanting world torosse
 Like waves, is now compeld to beare his crosse;
 Whereon his body in a vulgar streete
 Hung naked pierc'd with nayles both hands and feete:
 The well of water, he that gave the first
 To all his creatures, now's himselfe a thirst,
 Yea he to whom all thirsty creatures call
 For drinke, must now drinke vinegar with gall,
 They pierc'd his side from whence came watry blood,
 More soveraigne farre then all *Bethesda's* flood,
 These tyrants thus (though to themselves denide)
 Did make a way to heaven through his side.
 Alas my muse for sighes can scarce prolong
 The fatall tuning of so dire a song,
 To see heavens faire *Idea* seeme so foule
 Sobbing and sighing out his burnded soule,
 Those eyes which now seeme dim, were once so bright,
 From hence it was that *Phaebus* begd his light,
 Those armes which now hang weake did from their birth
 Support the tottring vaults of heaven and earth,
 That tongue that now lyes speechlesse in his head,
 A word of that would soone revive the dead,
 One touch of those Pale fingers would suffice
 To heale the sicke and make the dead man rise:
 Those legges which now are peired by abject slaves
 were kindly entertaind amongst the waves:

The coate whose warmth did give his sides reliefe
 The hem, the very hem could cure a griefe ;
 But now strength's weake, th' omnipotent's a crying
 For aid, health's sicke and life it selfe's a dying,
 His head hangs drooping and his eyes are fixt,
 His weakned ~~armes~~ growne pale, the sunne's eclips't
 (O boundlesse love, thus thus thou didst expose
 Thy selfe to damned paines to save thy foes)
 Hell fought against him, heaven began to frowne
 And justice soone sent vengeance posing downe,
 Who clad with fury, being angry shakes
 Her ugly head whose haire dorth nurture snakes,
 Shee layes about her greedy of her prey
 Quencheth her thirst with blood and so away,
 And mercy now lies cover'd in a cloud
 And will not heare although his sighes are loud
 (Although his cries are such that cause a stone
 To heare, yet sinne makes heav'n forget her owne)
 Heav'n frownes as if shee had her owne forgot,
 Mercy looks off as if thee knew him not,
 He suffred paines that hell it selfe devis'd,
 So much, that justice cride I am suffic'd :
 His tortures were so high, so great, so sore,
 That hell cride out: I can inflict no more :
 Which done the heavens closd up their lamping light
 And turn'd the day into a dismall night;
 Bright ~~Phaeton~~ vaild his face and would not see,
 Wormes actors of so bloody treachery :
 And quivering earth her wonted rigour lackt
 And straight stood trembling at so dire a fact :
 The busi'd Saints arose to see betwixt
 Two dusky clouds, their glorious Sunne eclips't :

Thus

Thus heav'nit selfe with the terrestriall *Ball*
Doth joyne to celebrate his funerall:
The Landlord of the globe who first did raise
Earths fabricke, was a tenant for three dayes;
But when once Christ did cease to be turmoyle
Heaven and he was gladly reconcil'd,
Mercy came dancing from the angry denne
Toft off her cloudy mantle, smild againe,
Pearch'd on her brightest throne, and makes a vow
To smoothe the wrinckled furrowes of her brow:
And grim fac'd vengeance thee thats onely fed
With poyson, dares not shew her snaky head
For feare: all angers banisht cleane away,
Sterne justice now hath not a word to say,
And now the Fathers anger being done
Double imbraces entertaine the Sonne:
As when a tender mother sometime beates
Her wanton boy for his unruly feates
Shee wipes his blubberd face and by and by
Presents a thousand gogoyes to his eye,
Shee angry with her selfe beginnes to seeke
His former love teares trickling downe her cheeks,
Quickly forgetting what was done amisse,
Ending her anger in a lovely kisse,
Doubtlesse her fondling burnes the rod and then
Come peace my babe kisse and be friends agen.
Iust so when God inflicted on his Sonne
His bittrest wrath, the anger being done
O then how soone he doubled his renowne:
Adorn'd his Temple with a richer Crowne &
Angry with those that would not heare his moane
Ready to sling grim vengeance from his throne,

And

And chide with mercy thee that once did runne
 To hide her selfe from this his dying Sonne,
 And for this fact would surely overthrow
 The fabricke, did not Iustice hold the blow.
 Thus heaven was friends againe, but sordid man
 Poore mortall dust whose dayes are but a span
 Doth strive against his God, like dogges that storme
 And barke and brawle and fume at *Phæbes* horne :
 Ah Lord, why are they so extreame to thee ?
 What is the cause thou madst their blindmen see ?
 Or why didst thou their fury thus inrage ?
 Because thou didst revive their dead mens age ?
 Me thinkes tis strange good God thou shouldst enflame
 Their anger by restoring legges too lame.
 How is it Lord thou sowedst glorious seedes
 And loe a harvest all compact of weedes ?
 Thou gavest them life, and spentst thy dearest breath
 For them, and now thou art repaid with death :
 What grieve was ere like thine ? would not thy mone
 Quickly dissolve an adamantine stone ?
 Wold not those sighs (which could not peirce their cares)
 Have turn'd a rocke into a sea of teares ?
 Would not those wrongs thou bor'st without reliefe,
 Make every cave, to echo out thy grieve ?
 For greedy Lions are more kind then men,
 They entertain'd thy limbe within their denne :
 Forget their wonted humours and became
 As carefull shepherdes to thy tender Lambe,
 The croking raven, thee whose natures wilde
 Became a tender nurse unto thy Childe,
 And to obey thy voice the stony rocke
 Became a springing fountaine to thy flocke,

Yea

Yea rather then thy babes shall live in thrall,
 The very sea it selfe provides a wall,
 The flames forget their force, through thy constraint
 Lose heate and know not how to burne a Saint,
 Yea when thy souldiers wanted day to fight,
 The Sun stood still and lent them longer light :
 When boistrous seas did shew their lusty prancks,
 Scorning to be imprison'd in their banckes,
 And with their billowes vaulted up so high,
 As if they meant to scale the starry sky,
 And boundlesse *Boreas* from his frozen Cave
 Rusht out and proudly challeng'd every wave,
 One nod of thine did quell those seas agen,
 And sent proud *Boreas* to his sullen denne :
 Thus thou the senselesse creatures oft did'st checke,
 And mad'st the proudest pliant to thy becke,
 For devils trembled and that breath of thine
 Made them seeke shelter in a heard of swine,
 They knew thy greatnesse and confest thy name.
 Hell sent forth Heralds to divulge thy fame
 But man (Lord whars he made of ?) stupid soule
 Is now more greedy then the raping foule :
 Harder then flint, his nature is so grimme,
 That questionlesse the Lyon chang'd with him :
 Hotter then flame, more boystrous then the winde,
 More fierce then waves, and hels not more unkindē.
 Yet thou (O matchlesse love) didst undergoe
 An undeserved curse to save thy foe :
 Yea guiltlesse thou because thou would'st suffice
 For guilty man, becom'st a Sacrifice.
 Thou Grand Physitian for thy patients good
 Didst mixe thy Physicke with thy dearest blood :

D

Man

Man from the sweetest flower did sucke his grieſe
 But thou from venome didst extract reliefe,
 From pleasures *limbecke* man distild his paine
 Thou out of sorrow pleasure drawd againe,
 Sweete *Eden* was the garden where there grew
 Such sugred flowers, yet there our poyson blew,
 Sad *Getseman* the arbour where was pluckt,
 Though bitter herbes, yet thence was hony suckt:
 So have I seene the busie Bee to feed,
 Extracting honey from the sowrest weed,
 Whilst Spiders wandring through a pleasant bowre
 Sucke deadly poyson from the sweetest flower,
 Thus, thus sweete Christ, thy sicknesse was our health,
 Thy death, our life, thy poverty our wealth,
 Thy grieſe our mirth, our freedome was thy thrall,
 Thus thou by being conquerd conquereſt all.

CANT. 8.7.

*Much water cannot quench love, neither can the floods
 drowne it.*

O How my heart is raviſht! thoughts aspire
 To thinke on thee my Christ: my zeales on fire,
 What shall I doe my love? me thinkes mine eyes
 Behold thee still, yet still I Tantalize;
 Ten thousand lets stand arm'd and all agree,
 Conspiring how to part my love and me.
 Presumption like *Olympus* scales the skye,
 A mountaine for to part my Love and I.

Despaire

Despaire presents a gulfe, a greedy grave
 Much like the jaws of the internall Cave :
 But what of this ? though hills are nere so high
 Whose sunne-confronting tops upbraide the skye
 Ile trample o're, and make them know tis meete
 Their proudest heads should stoope and kisse my feete :
 Ile stride o're cares deeper then *Neptunes* well,
 Whose threatening jaws doe yawne as wide as hell :
 Although the sea boyles in her angry tides
 And watry mountaines knocke at Heavens sides,
 Though every puffe of *Neptunes* angry breath
 Should raise a wave and every wave a death,
 Ile scorne his threates should stop my course, or quell
 My pace, though every death presents a hell :
 Yea Ile adventure through those swelling stormes
 Whose billowes seemes to quench great *Phaebes* hornes,
 Mountaines shall be as molehilles, every wave
 Tost in the fretfull region, shall outbrave
 No more then streames that shew their wanton prances,
 Gliding along by Thames his petty banckes :
 But grant that seas should swell, and tossing tides
 With stormes should crush my waving yessels sides :
 Suppose for footemen mountaines are too steepe,
 Each hill too high, and every cave too deepe :
 Suppose all earth conspire to stop : care I ?
 My faith will lend me wings and then Ile flye :
 O how Ile laugh to see that mounting clay !
 O how Ile smile at that that stopt my way !
 O how I laugh to see the Ocean straine
 Her banckes for to oppose and all in vaine !
 And can you blame me ? when I'me once above
 Ile care for none, for none but thou my Love.

D 2

Thou

Thou art my path: I shall not goe awry:
 My sight shall never faile: thou art my eye:
 Thou art my clothing: I shan't naked be:
 I am no bondman: thou hast made me free;
 I am not pin'd with sicknesse: thou art health:
 I am no whit impoverisht, thou art wealth.

Mans naturall infirmity.

WHat meanes my God? why dost present to me
 Such glorious objects? can a blind man see?
 Why dost thou call? why dost thou becken so?
 Wouldst thou have me come? Lord can a Cripple go?
 Or why dost thou expect that I should raise
 Thy glory with my voice: the dumbe can't praise.
 Vnscare my dusky eyes, then Ile expresse
 Thy glorious objects strong attractiuenesse:
 Dip thou my limbes in thy *Bethesdaes* lake,
 Ile scorne my earthly crutches, Ile forsake
 My selfe: touch thou my tongue and then Ile sing
 An *Alleluiah* to my glorious King.
 Raise me from this my grave, then I shall be
 Alive, and Ile bestow my life on thee
 Till thou *Eliab*-like dost overspread
 My limbs, I'me blind, I'me lame, I'me dumbe, I'me dead:

The Melancholicke Soules comfort.

O That I had a sweete melodious voice!
O that I could obtaine the chiefe choice

Of

Offsweetest musicke ! pre-thee *David* lend
Thy well-refounding harpe, that I may send
Some praises to my God : I know not how
To pay by songs my heart-resolved vow :
How shall I sing good God ? thou dost afford
Tenthousand mercies, trebled songs O Lord
Cannot requite thee ! O that I could pay
With lifetime songs the mercies of one day !
I oft beginne to sing, and then before
My songs halte finisht, God gives sence for more.

*Alas poore soule art puz.zeld: canst not bring
Thy God some honour though thou strive to sing :
The Cause is this, thou art become his debter
Heele make thee play on musicke that is better.*

I Cannot play, my sobs doe stop my course,
My grones doe make my musicke sound the worse.
*What nought but grones? ah shall th' Almightyes eares
Be filld with sighes all vs herd in with teares ?*

I this is musicke : such a tune prolongs
Gods love, and makes him listen to thy songs :
Tis this that makes his ravisht soule draw nigher,
Tis this outstrips the *Thracian* with his *Lyre*,
Tis this *inchant*s thy God, tis this alone (tone :
That drags thy spoule from heaven to heare thy
*No better Musicke then thy sobs and cries,
If not a Davids harpe, get Peters eyes.*

The Soule in love with Christ.

VV Hat though my Love doth neate appeare ?
And makes *Aurora* blush to see her ?

D 3

Though

Though *nature* paints her cheekes with red
 And makes proud *Venus* hide her head ?
 What though her crimson lips so mute
 Doe alwayes wooe a new salute,
 What though her wano eyes doe shine
 Like glistring starres and dazell mine ?

*Tis Christ alone,
 Shall be my owne,
 Tis him I will embrace,
 Tis he shall be
 A spouse to me,
 All beauty's in his face.*

What though the earth for me prepares
 A present from her golden Quarres,
 And braggeth of her early gaines,
 Exhausted from her silver vaines ?
 What though she shew her painted brates
 And bids me smell her *Violas* ?
 And deckes her selfe in spring attire,
 To make my raviht soule admire ?

*Tet all this shant
 My Soule inchant
 Ile smile to see her pride
 I know where lies
 A better prize
 For Christ hath broch'd his side.*

What though the world doth me invite
 And daily play the *Parasite* ?
 Or with her gilded tales intice
 Me, to a seeming *Paradise* ?
 And paints her face and all day long
 Sits breathing out a *Syrens* song ?

And

And shewes her pompe, and then in fine
Tells me, that shee and hers are mine :

*Yet none of this,
Shall be my blisse,
He scorne the painted whore
I will deride
Her and her pride
For Christ is this and more.*

What though insinuating pleasure,
Preferres me to her chiefeest treasure
And every day, and every night
Doth feede me with a new delight
And slumbers me with lullaby
Dandling me on her *whorish thigh* ?
What though with her sublime pretences
Shee strives to imprison all my senses ?

*Yet shee shant be
A trap to me
Her freedome is but thrall,
Her greatest coy
Will but annoy,
Till Christ doth sweeten all.*

Or what though profit with her *Charmes*
Grasping the world within her armes
Unlades her selfe? and bids me see
What paines shee takes, and all for me ;
And then invites me to her bower
Filling my coffers every houre ?
What though shee thus enlarge my store
With every day a thousand more ?

*Yet let her packe
And turne her backe,*

Her

The Soule in Love with Christ.

*Her purest gold's but drosse
 Her greatest paines
 Produce no gaines
 Till Christ come all is losse.*

Or what though *Fomane* should present
 Her high Olympicke regiment.
 And never my *Ambition* checke,
 But still be pliant to my becke?
 What though she lends me wings to flie
 Vnto the top of Dignity,
 And make proud *Monarches* with her wheele
Vncrowne their heads to *Crowne* my heele,

*Ile not depend
 On such a friend,
 Tis Christ is all my stay:
 Shee can reuoke
 The highest spoke,
 Her wheelles turnd every day.*

Let none of these in me take place:
 Fond *Venus* hath a *Vulcans* face:
 And so till *heaven* be pleas'd to smile
 Poore earth sits barren all the while:
 The world that's apt to winne a foole
 It is my burden, not my stoole:
 Nor pleasure shall enchant my mind,
 Shees smooth before, but itings behind:

*I will disdain
 Their greatest gaine,
 And fortun's but a feather,
 Tis none of these
 Can give me ease,
 But Christ's the same for ever.*

Lord

Lord why hidest thou thy face from me.

WHat drowfie weather's this? the angry skies
 Doe threaten stormes, and heav'n it selfe denies
 Her lovely visage, ah these darkned dayes
 Doe make my vitals drowfie, and decayes
 My soules delight: good God can I controule
 Or drive these pensive humours from my soule?
 Ah no I can't my lively spirits keepe,
 Such drowfie weather's fit for nought but sleepe.
O thou eternall light that hast the sway
 In *Ioves* broad wals, thouscepter of the day, (eye,
 Thou heav'ns bright torch, thou gliftring worlds bright
 Why dost thou hide and so obscurely lye?
 Come wrap thy selfe in thy compleate attire,
 Shew forth thy glory, make my soule admire
 Thy splendor, come and doe no longer stay
 But with thy glorious beames *bestrow my way,*
 Extirpe these foggy *mists* from out mine eyes,
 That I may plainly see where heaven lyes.
 Then Ile awake, sweete Christ, doe thou display
 Thy *glittering beames,* send out a *Summers day,*
 I'll rub my slumbring eyes, O then I'll roame
 A *life-time journey from my native home:*
The soule will sleepe and can't hold up her eyes
Untill the sunne of righteousnesse arise.

E

Christ

Christs Resurrection.

Come *Rise my heart*, thy *Master's* risen,
 Why slug'st thou in thy *grave*?
 Dost thou not know he broke the prison?
 Thou art no more a slave.

He rowled of the sealed *stone*
 That once so pondrous lay,
 And left the *watchmen* all alone
 And bravely scapt away.

When *flesh*, the *world*, and *Satan* too,
 Wont suffer thee to quatch,
 Learne of thy *Master* what to doe
 And cozen all the watch.

Let not these clogging earthly things
 Make thee (poore soule) forsake him,
 Goe, ask of *Faith*, she'll lend thee *wings*,
 Hasten, fly, and overtake him.

But harke my *soule*, I'll tell thee where
 Thy *Master* sits in state:
 Goe knocke at heavens dore, for there:
 He entred in of late.

If *Peter* now had kept the key
 Thou mightst get in with ease,
 But *Justice* onely beares the sway
 And lets in whom shee please.

Shee's

Shee's wondrous sterne and suffers not
 A passenger to enter,
 Without thy *Masters ticket* got
 Thou mayst not touch her *Center*.

But come my *soule*, let me advise,
 What needst thou to implore
 The *Saints* for ayde? I know where lies
 For thee a *private doore*.

Dost not remember since the pride
 Of base perfidious men
 Did thrust thy Master through the side
 (Wert not thou wounded then.)

When *Iustice* is so sterne that thou
 Vnto a straight art driven,
 (Come hearke and I will tell thee now)
Creeps through that wound to heaven.

Sanctificat.

O My head, alas my bones,
 O my wounded joynts doe smart,
 Flesh ere while as hard as stones,
 Now it akes in every part:
 Lord 'tis thy Art.

All thy *Iudgements* could not scare
 Me, nor make my soule to fly,
 Now one *angry looke* can reare
 Me, and make me pensive lye
 In misery.
 E2

Lord there where I tooke my rise,
 There did I begin to reele,
Surfetted in Paradise,
 And there I got a *bruised heele,*
 Which now I feele.

Surely my discase was great,
Sicke, and yet I felt no *paine;*
Hungry, yet I could not *eat:*
Sore, yet could I not *complaine:*
 Yet all was gaine.

For, good God, thy care was such.
 That thou gavest me much reliefe,
 Yea thou lendest me a *crutch,*
 And didst make me know my griefe:
 Lord thou art chiefe.

Thou hast made the *racke* to weepe
 And my *stony heart* to groane,
 Thou hast rais'd me from my sleepe,
 And dost smile to heare my tone;
 And lov'st my mone.

But what need'st thou lend a *crutch,*
 Thou canst make me *perfect* whole?
 Thou canst heale me with a *touch,*
 By this thou know'st a *woman* stole,
 Cure for her dole.

When leave I this halting pace?
 When shall I most perfect be?
When thou shalt my glistering face,
In the land of glory see.
 Lord perfect me.

A Meditation on a Mans shadow.

WHen as the *sunne* flings downe his richest rayes,
And with his shining beames adorne my wayes,
See how my *shadow* trackes me where I goe,
I *stop*, that *stops*; I *walke*, and that doth so:
I *runne* with winged flight, and still I *spye*
My waiting *shadow* runne as fast as I.
But when a *sable cloud* doth disaray
The *Sunne*, and robs me of my smiling day:
My *shadow* leaves me *helpelesse* all alone,
And when I most neede comfort I have none:
Iust so it is; let him that hath the hight
Of outward pompe, expect a *parasite*:
If thou art great, thy *honours* will draw nigh:
These are the *shadowes* to prosperity:
O how the *worldlings* make pursuite to thee,
With cap in hand and with a bended knee:
But if *disastrous fate* should come betwixt
Thee and thy *Sunne*, thy splendor's all eclips't:
Thy *friends* forsake thee, and thy *shadow's* gone,
And thou (poore *sunne-lesse* thou) art left alone,
This is thy *Soules* estate, the worldly gaine
And greatest pompe, in stormy times are vaine:
They are but *shadowes* when distresse comes nigh,
They are as nothing to a faithfull eye.
Yet here's my comfort Lord, if I can see
My *shadow*, I must needes a *substance* be.
O let me not with worldly *shadowes* clogge
My selfe, grant me more wit then *Esops* dogge.

A Meditation on Childrens rashnesse.

WHen Mothers are desirous for to play
 The wantons with their babes, and shew the way
 To finde their seete : to give their brats content,
 They wagge their sporting fingers, and present
 A penny in the forehead, or some pap,
 To win the Children to the *Mothers lap* :
 How soone will they their little griffels stretch,
 And runne apace, aspiring for to fetch
 This petty object ? never caring though
 Their way be full of stumbling blockes below :
 Thou art that *Mother Lord*, thou usest charmes,
 And still art dandling, Christ within thine armes
 Presents most glorious objects to our eyes,
 And shewes us where thy choicest mercies lies;
 Why then are we so backward ? why so slow ?
 Or why so loth into thy armes to goe ?
 Small molehills seeme as mountaines in our way,
 And every *light affliction* makes us stay :
 Why should we stop at petty strawes below ?
 Make us thy *Children Lord* we shant doe so.

A Meditation on a good Father having a bad Sonne.

Querkus of late was minded to dispute
 Of this, *A tree thats good brings forth good fruite.*
 Hence he concludes such parents that have bin
 Converted, bring forth children void of sinne.

Peace

Peace *Querkus* peace, and hold thy tongue for shame
Dost not perceive that thy conclusion's lame?
May not a graine that's free from chaffe and cleare
Cast in the ground, bring forth a chaffy care.

A Meditation on a Weathercock.

See how the trembling *Weathercocke* can find
Noe settled place, but turnes with every wind,
If *blustring Zephyr* blowes and gives a checke,
How soon's this cocke made pliant to his becke,
If *Boreas* gets the day, twill change its side,
And turne in spite of *bragging Zephyrs* pride:
Thus *temporizers* turne at every puffe,
And yet forsooth they thinke they're good enough,
If stand, they stand: if he that seemes to be
The greatest turne, they turne as fast as he,
I wonder at such wav'ring feathers, did I
So often turne t'would make me wondrous giddy.
Lord let that wind that blowes upon thy stocke,
Turne me, and make me Lord thy weathercocke.

A Meditation on Cockfighting.

See how those angry creatures disagree,
Whilst the spectators sit and laugh to see.
Doe not two neighbours often doe the same,
Whilst that the Lawyers laugh to see the game?

S

A Meditation on an Echo and a Picture.

SEehow *Apelles* with his curious art,
Pourtraies the picture out in every part:
 If he can give't a *voyce*, no doubt he can
 Compleatly make the shape a living man:
 Surely his worke would to his praise redound,
 Could he but give the shape he made, a *sound*:
 What wants the Echo of a living creature
 But *Shape*? and what but *voice* this comely feature:
 Yet both can't meete together: God alone,
 Will have this secret *Art* to be his owne.

A Meditation on Noahs Dove.

VVHen God the floods from lands did undivide
 And made the skye aspiring mountaines hide;
 When heaven raind seas, and fountaines were unbound,
 And all mankind except eight soules were drown'd;
 Then did *Joves Pilot Noah* make an Arke
 And thrust this little world into a barke:
 Yea then he sent a *Dove* to range about
 The Floods, to answer his uncertaine doubt:
 O how shee wanders up and downe the Seas,
 Fluttring her weary wings but findes no ease!
 Shee sees no food, no resting place, no parke,
 But soone returnes into her wished Arke.
 Observe how tender *Noah*, full of Love,
 Opens the window to this weary Dove.

Puts

Puts forth his hands to meete her, takes her in,
But by and by shee flutters out agin :
Shee findes an *Olive leafe*, and that shee brings
Betweene her bill, hov'ring her tyred wings
Vpon the Aike : still *Noah* is the same,
Lets in his wandring Dove thats now made tame
With restlesse flight ; once more shee gets away,
And now shee spies the earth (that lately lay
Sok'd in the impartiall deluge) in her pride,
Adorn'd with dainty hearbes on every side ;
When food is plenty, this ungratefull Dove
Forgets her *Noah*, and his former love :
Minds nothing but her selfe, shee that before
Did crouch unto thee Arke, returnes no more.
Thou art that Noah Lord, and Christ the boate,
Afflictions are the waters that doe floate :
Man is that wandring Dove, that often flies
Vnto his Christ for shelter, else he dyes.
How apt are we good God to use our wings,
And flye to thee when all these outward things
With floods are drowned up, though we have bin
So vile, how apt art thou to catch us in :
O how our God when we have bin astray
Puts forth his armes to meete us in the way,
And take us home ! we are no sooner in
But by and by we flutter out agin :
This time by chance like *Noahs Dove* we see,
The upper branches of some *Olive tree*,
I meane some petty shelter : still we flye
Vnto our God for aide or else we dye.
How apt are we, when outward things forsake us,
To haste to God ? how apt's our God to take us :

F

The

The third time we are gone, now floods are husht
 The Sun- confronting mountaines bravely washt,
 The Seas give place, the lowest vallies teene,
 Yea all the earth most sweetly deckt in greene:
 Now we forget our God and post away,
 And after make an everlasting stay:
*When worldly wealth comes in, and we can rest
 Vpon the creature: O how we detest
 Our former refuge! if we find a Parke,
 We ne're returne unto our wonted arke.*

A Meditation on a Shippe.

MArke how the *floating vessell* shewes her pride.
 And is extold with every *lofty tide*;
 But when it *ebbes*, and all the floods retire
 See how the bragging barke is *plungd in mire*:
 Iust so good God, how apt are we to swim
 When mercies fill our banckes unto the brim
 When worldly wealth appeares, and we can see
 Such outward blessings flow: *then who but we?*
 But when it *ebbes*, and thou dost once unlinke
 These mercies from us: *O how soone we sinke*;
*Good God let not the great estate possesse
 Me with presumption, nor despaire the lesse:*
Let me not sinke when such an ebbe appeares,
No, let me swim in true repentant teares:

A Meditation on a Windmill.

Observe it alwaies tis the makers skill
 To place the *windmill* on the *highest hill*;
 It stands *unusefull* till the *potent winds*
 Puffe up the lofty *sayles* and then it *grinds* :
 Iust thus it is : the *hypocrite's* the mill,
 His *actions sayles*, *ambition is the hill*,
 The *wind* that *drives* him is a *blast of fame*,
 If blowne with this he runnes, if not hee's tame :
 He stirres not till a puffe of *praise* doth fill
 His *sailes* : but then, O how he turnes the mill !
Lord drive me with thy Spirit, then Ile be
Thy windmill, and will grind a grist for thee.

A Meditation on Organs.

Hearke how the *Organist* most sweetely plaies
 His *Psalmes* upon the tone-divided *Kayes* :
 Each *touch* a sound, but if the hand don't come
 And strike the *kayes*, how soon's the *musicke dumb* :
 A mod'rate *stroke* doth well, but if too hard
 The *Organ's* broke, and all the *raptures mard*.
I am that Organ Lord, and thou alone
 Canst play, each *prayer* is a pleasant tone,
Affliction is the hand that strikes the *kayes* :
 (O Lord from me the sweetest *musicke raise* :)
 If thou don't *strike* at all how can I *speak*
 Thy worthy *prayes*, if too *hard* I *broke* :
Strike mildly Lord, strike soft, and then Ile sing,
And charoll out the glory of my King.

A Meditation on an Apes love.

VVhen once the foolish *Ape* hath fild her nest
 With little brats, there's one among the rest,
 Shee most affects: to shelter this from harmes,
 Shee alwayes hugges it in her wanton armes.
 Vntill at length shee squeezeth out the breath,
 Of this her fondling, *Loves the cause of death:*
 The *Worlds* this wanton *Ape*, that still delights
 In hugging some peculiar *favourites*,
 Of those that are thus dandled by this *Ape*,
 There doth not *one among a thousand scape.*

On contempt of the World.

ALoft O *soule*; soare up, doe not turmoyle
 Thy selfe by grabbling on a dunghill soyle:
 Toss up thy wings, and make thy soaring plumes
 Outreach the loathsome stench and noysome fumes
 That spring from sordid earth: come, come, and see
 Thy birth, and *learne to know thy pedigree:*
 What? wast thou made of Clay? or dost thou owe
 Homage to earth? say, is thy blisse below?
 Dost know thy beauty? dost thou not excell?
 Can the Creation yeeld a *parallel?*
 The world can't give a glasse to represent
 Thy shape, and shall a durty element
 Bewitch thee? thinke, is not thy birth most high?
 Blowne from the mouth of *all the trinity,*

The

The breath of *all-creating Love*, the best
 Of all his workes, yea thee of all the rest
 He chose to be his *Picture* : where can I
 But in thy selfe see Immortality
 'Mong all his earthly creatures ? Thou art chiefe
 Of all his workes : and shall the *world* turne thee
 And steale away thy love ? wert not for thee
 The heav'n aspiring mountaine should not bee,
 The heavens should have no glistering starre, no light,
 No *Sunne* to rule the day, no *Moone* the night:
 The Globe had bin ('twas not the makers will
 To make it for it selfe) a *Chaos* still :
 Thou art *Loves priestly Aaron* to present
 The creatures service, while they give assent
 By serving thee, why then's the world thy rest ?
 'Tis but thy servants servant at the best :
 It gives attendance to refined mire,
 That *Love* hath wrapt thee in as thy attire ;
 For whats the body but a *lump of clay*
Carv'd neatly out, in which the soule beares sway ?
 Tis servant to the soule : what limbe can stirre,
 Nay darst to quatch, if once shee make demurre ?
 See how the captiv'd members trembling stand
 Wondrous submissive to her dire command!
 O how the legs doe runne with eager flight
 To overtake the object of delight!
 See how the armes doe graspe as if they'd rent
 To hold the thing that gives the soule content.
 Why whats the body when the soule's away ?
 Nought but a stinking *carkasse made of clay*.
 What's heav'n without a God ? or what's the skye
 If once bright *Phabus* close his radiant eye ?

The world was for our *bodies*, they for none
 But for our *soules*, our *soules* for *God* alone:
 What madnesse then for men of such a birth
 To nuzell all their dayes on dunghill earth,
 Still hunting after with an eager sent
 An object which can never give content;
 For what contentment in the world can lye,
 That's onely *constant in inconstancy*?
 It *ebbes* and *flows* each minnie: thou maist brag
 This day of thousands, and to morrow b g:
 The greatest wealth is subject for to reele,
 The globe is plac'd on *Fortunes* tottering wheele:
 As when the gladding sunne begins to show
 And scatter all his golden beames below,
 A *churlish* cloud soone meetes him in the way,
 And sads the beauty of the smiling day:
 Or as a *stately ship* a while behaves
 Her selfe most bravely on the slumbring waves,
 And like a *swanne* sailes nimbly in her pride
 The helpfull windes concurring with the tide
 To mend her pace: but by and by, the wind
 The fretfull Seas, the heav'ns and all combin'd
 Against this bragging barke, O how they fling
 Her corkey sides to heaven, and then they bring
 Her backe: shee that ere while did sayle so brave
 Cutting the floods, now's tost with every wave:
 Iust so, the waving world gives joy and sorrow,
 This day a *Craſus*, and a *Iob* to morrow:
 How often have I seene the *miser* bleſse
 Himselfe in wealth, and count it for no lesse
 Then his adored God: straight comes a frowne
 Flying from unhappy fate, and whirlleth downe

Him,

Him, and his heapes of gold, and all that prize
Is lost, which he but now did *Idolize*.
But grant the world (as never 'twill) to be
A thing most sure most full of constancy,
What is thy wealth unlesse thy God doth blesse
Thy store, and turne it to a happinesse?
What though thy *Table* be compleatly spread
With farre-fetcht dainties, and the purest bread
That fruitfull earth can yeeld? all this may bee,
If thou no *stomacke* hast, what's all to thee?
What though thy *habitation* should excell
In beauty, and were *Edens* parallel?
Thou being pesterd with some dire *disease*,
How can thy stately dwelling give thee ease?
Thy joyes will turne thy griefe, thy freedome thrall,
Vnlesse thy God above doth sweeten all:
When thou (poore soule) liest ready to depart,
And hear'st thy *Conscience* snarling at thine heart,
Though heapes of gold should in thy coffers lye,
And all thy worthlesse friends stand whining by,
'Tis none, 'tis none of these can give thee health,
But thou must languish in the midst of wealth.
Then cease thou mad man and pursue no more
The world, and know thee's but a painted whore,
Thou catchest *shadowes*, labourst in thy *dreames*,
And thirst's amongst th' *imaginary streames*.

A Meditation on a meane.

LOrd in excesse I see there often lies
Great dangers, and in wants great miseries:
 Send me a *meane*, doe thou my wayes preserve,
 For I may *surfet* Lord, as well as *starve*.

On Sathans tempting Eve.

ARt thou turn'd Fencer *sathan*? prethee say?
 Surely thou art not active at thy play.
 Challenge a *Woman*? fie thou art to blame,
 Suppo'e thou getst the day, thou getst no fame.
 But prethee speake, hast any caule to prate?
 Thou *bruis'd* her heele, what though? shee *broke thy pate*.

On a Spunge.

THe *Spunge* it selfe drinkes water till it swell it,
 But never empties till some strength *expell* it:
 Lord, of our selves we're apt to *soake in sinne*,
 But thou art faine to *squeeze it out agin*.

On

A Meditation on a chime of Bells.

A Meditation on a chime of Bells.

HArke; what *harmonious Musicke* fills mine eare?
What pleasant *raptures*? yet me thinks I heare
Each *Bell* thats rung, to beare a various sound,
Had all one *note*, how quickly twould confound
The tune; a *discord* in the bells arise,
And yet they disagreeing, *sympathize*:
Tis not the *greatest* makes the sweetest *noyse*,
No, but the skilfull *Ringer* still employes
The *small* as well as *great*, tis every bell
Together rung, that makes them sound so well;
Thus tis in *Common-weale*: if every man
Kept *time*, and *place* proportiond to him, than
How sweetly would our *musicke* sound? twould be
The emblem of an *Heavenly harmony*,
Where each man would be *great*, the land enjoys
No *musicke*, but a base *prepostrous noyse*,
Each Bell sounds well: what though the *senor* be
The *big'st*? the *treble* seemes as *sweete* to me:
Lets not aspire too high, experience tels
The choicest *chimes* makes use of *petty bells*:
But howsoever *Lord*, least I disgrace
Thy sweet *voic'd chime*, make me keepe *time*, and *place*.

A Meditation on the burning a torch at noone day.

VVhen *Sol* doth in his *flaming throne* remaine,
My *Blazing torch* doth spend it selfe in *vaine*,
(F) But

A Meditation on the found of a crackt Bell.

But when the *sunne* goes downe, and once tis *night*,
O then how welcome is my *torches Light*,
Sols radiant beames at noone doe so surmount
They make my tapers light of *small account* ;
So *Lord* when thou dost great abundance send
We cannot then so well esteeme a friend,
We slight their helps: they alwaies seeme most bright
When *care* affliction sends a *dis*small night.

A Meditation on the found of a crackt Bell.

HArke how the *Hoarse* mouth'd Bell extends a tone
Into mine eares; delightfull unto none,
The *Mettal's* good, tis some unwelcome *skar*,
Some fatall cracke that makes the musicke jarre,
But what of this? although the sound be rough
Twill call me to the temple well enough:
Such are those *ill-lived Teachers* who confound
The sweetnesse of their soule converting sound
By *flawes* scene in their unbecoming lives,
By which their heavenly calling lesser thrives:
Yet *Lord*, I know they're able for to bring
My *Soule* to heaven, though with so hoarse a ring.
But since thou dost such jarring tunes disdain,
Mels thou this mettall, cast these bells againe.

A Meditation on a silly Sheepe.

VHen all the *Winds* shew forth their boystrous
And every cloud unloads his spongy side, (pride,
When

A Meditation on the Flowers of the Sunne.

When *Boreas* blowes, and all the Heavens weepe,
And with their stormes disturbe the grazing sheepe:
See how the harmelesse creature, much dismaide,
Doth crouch unto the bramble bush for aide:
'Tis true, the bramble hides her from the winde,
But yet it makes her leave her fleece behinde.
Who can but smile at such that knowes not how
To take the frownings of an angry brow;
Whose base revengefull spirits strive to crush
Their foes, though fleece themselves at lawers bush.
*Guide me good God, let me revenge no more,
When once the cure growes worse then the sore.*

A Meditation on the Flowers of the Sunne.

MArke how the flowers at night doe hang their heads,
As if they'd drop their leaves into their beds,
But when the morning sunne doth once arise
They represent their glory to mine eyes,
Then they unvail their tops, and doe asire
Themselves in beauty, as the Sunne goes higher.
Thus Lord thy Saints on earth, when thou do'st hide,
They cover all the glory of their pride,
Their drooping soules doe wisher, all their mirth
Is gone, they finde no pleasure in the earth:
But when the Sunne of righteousness appeares,
Then they display their beauty, and their feares
Are all extinct: O Lord doe thou make me
Thy Saint, that I may fall and rise with thee.

A Meditation on a Loadstone, and Jet.

A Meditation on a Loadstone, and Jet.

WHen once the *Loadstone* shewes it selfe, then
The *Iron* carelesse of its wonted waight, (straight
Vnto its wished *object* doth *aspire*,
As if it did enjoy the sense, *Desire*,
And thus the blacke-fac'd *Jet* is apt to draw
The dust, and to enchant the wanton *straw*,
This *Jet* and *Loadstone* well me thinkes imparts
An embleme of our fond-attractiv'd hearts,
The *Spirit* is that *Loadstone* that doth plucke
Our *Iron hearts*, that once so fast were stucke
Plung'd in the *depth of sinne*, and sets them *sure*,
In spight of devillish mallice to *indure*.
The *World's* the *Jet* that often doth controule
Vaine frothy man, and steale away his soule
With her enchanting trickes; thus *Jet* can bring
Light *strawes*, submissive to so vaine a thing:
Beshou my Loadstone Lord, then thou shalt see
My Iron heart will quickly cleave to thee.

A Meditation on false looking glasses.

MAdam looke off; why peep'st thou? O forbear,
I will either make thee *proud* or else *despaire*!
Th'one glasse doth *flatter* thee above *desart*,
The other makes thee *blacker* then thou art,
Tell me sweete *Lady*, now thou hast both there,
Dost not most love the glasse that makes thee *faire*?

Tis

A Meditation on hunting the Hare.

Tis our condition, we can telldome see
A man that tels us *truely* what we be;
Our *friends* doe often *flatter*, and present
Too fine a shape, and all to give content:
Our rough-mouth'd *foes* do strive to lay a *skur*
On us, and make us *worser* then we are,
But yet of both, our lofty nature's such
Indeed, we love our *flattering friends* too much:
Give me a perfect Glasse, Lord cleare my sight,
That I may see my selfe, and thee aright.

A Meditation on hunting the Hare.

O Bserve how *nature* tutors *senslesse Beasts*,
How quickly will they poste into their *nests*
For feare of harme; O how the trembling *Hare*
Will shunne the *dogge*, and ev'ry *bird* the *snare*,
See how the crafty *Fox* doth take his rounds,
And clamber mountaines to avoid the *bounds*,
If *Nature* shewes this; to such creatures too,
O what doth *Reason* and *Religion* doe?
How is it then, that *Man* so little feares
The plots of *Sathan* and those dev'lish *snares*?
How apt are we good God to trample in,
Nay t'urge occasions for to act our sinne?
Vnlesse we by thy spirit are possesst,
We are more stupid then the senslesse beast.

A Meditation on a Wax Cand le lighted.

A Meditation on the pride of Womens apparrell.

SEe how some borrow'd off cast vaine *attire*,
Can puffe up pamber'd *clay*, and dirty *mire* :
Tell me whence had'st thy *cloath's* that makes thee fine,
Wast not the silly *Sheeps* before twas thine ?
Doth not the *Silke worme* and the *Oxes hide*
Serve to maintaine thee in thy cheetst *pride* ?
Do'st not thou often with those *feathers* vaile
Thy *face*, with which the *Ostridge* hides her *taile* ?
What art thou *proud* of then ? me thinks 'tis fit
Thou should'st be *humble* for the wearing it:
Tell me *proud Madam*, thou that art so *nise*,
How were thy *parents* clad in *Paradise* ?
At first they wore the *armour* of *defence*
And were compleatly wrapt in *innocence* :
Had not they *sin'd*, they ne're had beene *dismaid*
Nor needed not the *Fig-trees* leavy *ayde* !
What ever state O Lord thou place me in
Let me not glory in th' effect of *sinne*.

A Meditation on a Wax Candle lighted.

SEe how my burning *Taper* gives his *light*,
And *guids* my wayes in the obscurest *night*,
It *wasts* it selfe for *me*, and when tis *spent*
The *snuffe* doth leave behind a wholsome *scent* :
Thus doethy *Pastors* Lord who shine most bright,
They *spend* themselves to give thy people *light*,
And when by thee their *posting time's* *confind*,
They *dye* and leave a lovely *smell* behind.

A Meditation on an Elephant.

A Meditation on an Elephant.

THe Elephant doth alwayes chuse to drinke
In *durty ponds*, and makes his paw to sinke
And raise the *mud*, that so he may escape,
Without the *shadow* of his ugly *shape*:
Thustis with *guilty soules*, who dare not peepe
Into themselves, but make their *conscience sleepe*;
Cleanse me O Lord, and then I shall surpasse
In beauty, and won't feare the looking glasse.

A Meditation on a Bird in a Cage,

SEe how my *little prisoner* hops about
Her *wyrie Cage*, and sweetly *ditties* out
Her various *tunes*: and since shee cannot *flee*
Abroad, shee looks for *meate* from none but *me*:
But if I *ope* my *Cage*, her *lofty wings*
Supports her to the *Forrest*, where shee *sings*
Some *rustick notes*, and when my *bird* can see
Some *meat abroad*, shee *seeks* for none to *me*.
Tisthus, (good God) whilst thou on us dost bring
Thy great *afflictions*, O how well we *sing*
Thy *prayse*, whilst we thus *imprised* be,
Our *faiths* more active and our *hop's* on thee:
But if thou let us *loose*, we quickly *flye*
Abroad, and lose our wonted *harmony*.
Our *faiths* more *uselesse*, if *elsewhere* we see
Some *foode*, we seldome come for *meate* to thee,
If thou wilt *feede*, and teach me *Lord* to *praise*,
Then let me be thy *prisoner* all my *daies*.

A

A Meditation on the fire.

A Meditation on the fire.

Keepe but an equall distance, then the fire
Will give thee warmth unto thine hearts desire,
But if thy daring spirit once presumes
To crouch too nigh, it warms not, but consumes,
Tis thus in things divine: Search thou Gods will
Reveal'd, and then it will warme, but never kill:
But pry into his secrets, then the ire
Of God will burne thee like consuming fire:
*O Lord so warme me with thy sacred breath,
That I may neither burne nor freeze to death.*

A meditation on boyes' swimming with bladders.

SEE what extreame delight some boyes have tooke
Playing the wantons in some gliding brooke
Vpon their bladders tumbling up and downe
Though ne're so deepe, in spight of Neptunes frowne:
They seldome learne to swimme: doe but unlincke
Them from their bladder, then they quickly sincke,
This ~~World~~ is a tossing Sea, filld to the brim
With waves, where ev'ry man doth sincke or swim,
These Bladder Lads are such that still rely
Vpon the creature, which gone, by and by
Their drooping spirits faile: the faithfull man
Is he that swims aright, and alwaies can
Support himselfe, and with his art outbraves
The fretfull Sea, though filld with angry waves:
*Lord give me faith, that I may still depend
On thee, and swim, what ever stormes thou send.*

ON

On Cain and Abels offerings.

ARt angry *Cain* ? what doe thy thoughts repine ?
 Is *Abels* offring better tooke then thine ?
 Didst not thou bring thy God a lovely prize
 And crowne his Altar with a sacrifice,
 Art not thou elder ? did not thy offring too
 Come from thy God ? what more could *Abell* doe ?
He sell thee Cain how Abel got the start,
He with his offring, offered up his heart.

On an Apprentices Boxe.

THe Prentise after all his yearely paines,
 Filleth his small mouth'd box with *Christmas* gaines,
 Yet though he fill his box unto the brim
 Vnlesse he breake it up, whats all to him ?
A miser's such a Boxe, thats nothing worth,
 Till death doth breake it up, then all comes forth :
Convert good God, or strike with some disease,
Breake up such small mouth'd boxes, Lord as these.

On Eves Apple.

EV E for thy fruite thou gav'st too deare a price,
 What ? for an Apple give a *Paradise* ?
 If now a dayes of fruite such gaines were made
 A *coistermenger* were a *devillish trade*.

G

on

On a faire house having ill passage to it.

A House to which the builders did impart
The full perfection of their curious art,
Most bravely furnisht, in whose roomes did lye,
Footeclothes of Velvet, and of tapestry;
I wondred at (as who could not but doe it)
To see so rough so hard a passage to it:
So Lord I know thy heaven's a glorious place,
Wherein the beauty of thy glistering face
Inlightens all: thou in the wals dost fixe,
The *Jasper* and the purest *sardonyx*,
Thy gates are *pearles*, and every dore beset
With *Saphires*, *Emeralds*, and the *Chrysalets*:
Each Subject weares a crowne, the which he brings
And flings it down to thee, the King of Kings.
But why's the way so thorny? tis great pittie
The passage is no wider to thy Citty,
Poore *Daniel* through his den and *Shadrake's* driven
With his associates through the fire to Heaven,
But yet we can't complaine, we may recall
The time to minde when there was none at all,
T'was *Christ* that made this way, and shall we be
Who are his Servants, farre more nice then he?
No, He adventure too, nay, He get in,
He tracke my Captaine therow thicke and thin.

FINIS.

